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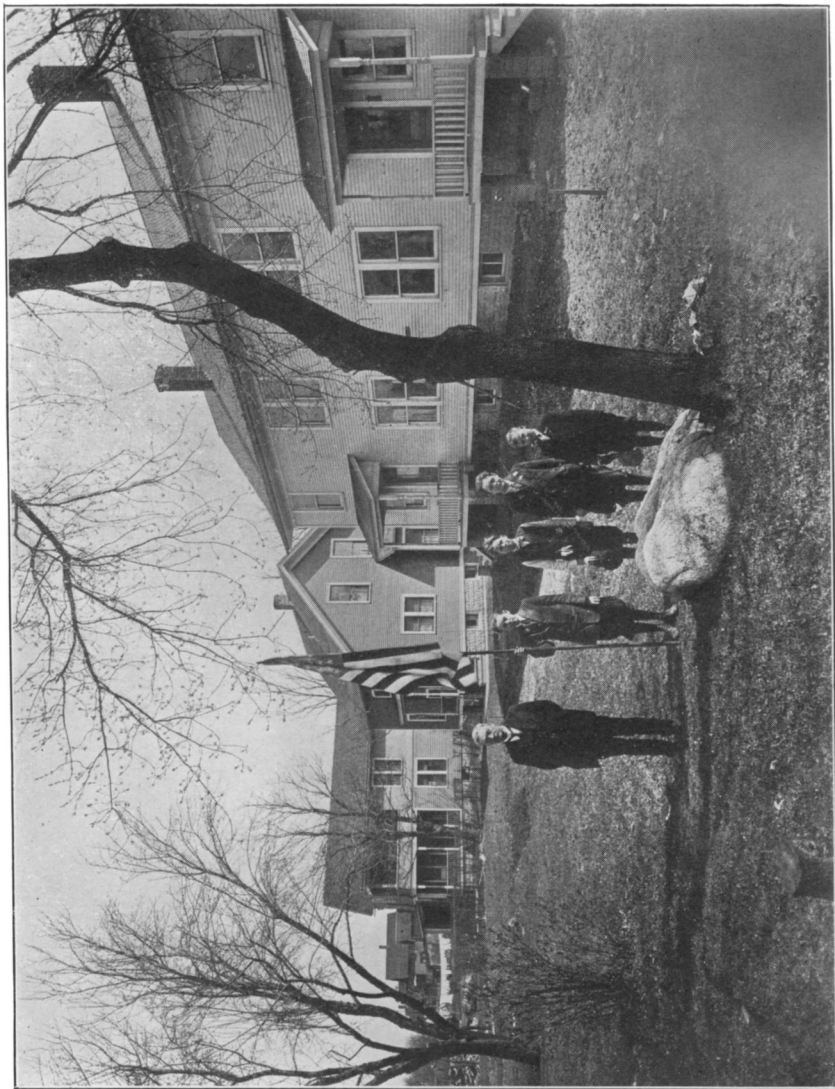
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This stone marks spot where General Scott's paymaster's chest containing \$400 in silver was buried at time of massacre on Turkey Creek, 1832. Now 201 Prairie Street, Aurora, Illinois.

**The Massacre During the Black Hawk War on Turkey Creek,
Near Aurora, Illinois.
1832.**

BY CHARLES A. LOVE.

The Paymaster for the United States Army and a small party were proceeding to Galena, with a chest containing four hundred dollars in silver, during the Black Hawk War. At the place where the Indian trail crossed Turkey Creek, near where Aurora now stands, but then not settled, the party was attacked by Indians and all killed, except Private Caswell, who was mortally wounded and died before he finished telling that the chest of silver was buried by a white rock, about three hundred paces from where the trail crossed Turkey Creek.

The granite boulder at 201 Prairie Street answers the description of the rock at 275 paces from the crossing of the trail. Parts of the trail can still be seen.

The war was on, and Black Hawk's braves
Had fled the land to Koshkonong.
Galena's folk had welcomed Scott,
And thanked the Lord in prayer and song.

To pay the wage for service borne
By soldiers brave in Scott's command,
The chest of coin to be conveyed
By trail and scout and soldier band.

The trail that led to far northwest,
To cross the Fox and Turkey Creek,
Through Hanks' Grove and Chin-no-kee,
And gravel hills with pointed peak.

The morn was sweet with heavenly dew,
 The day was fine and noon was high—
 A day in June with leaf and flower
 To hold the sense and paint the sky.

The creek with song and gurgles filled,
 Invoked the way as free from harm;
 The soldier train with coin and care
 To cross the creek without alarm.

Crash! Bang! The muskets rang,
 From ambush in the hills.
 The soldier band, by fatal hand,
 Their faithful heart beat stills.

The treasure lost? Oh, mercy, no!
 The wounded Caswell drags his form
 And silver chest with pain, and slow,
 To granite rock—a hero born.

The sacred treasure buried there,
 The hero, Caswell, crawls away;
 And tells the searchers, while they stare,
 That all are dead—and he expires

The massacre on Turkey Creek,
 Where Caswell's mother used to weep—
 Preserve the spot and sacred keep
 The granite rock on Prairie Street.